WIN A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT
SEE PAGE 23

NUTTY

18p
EVERY SATURDAY No. 235 Aug. 11th, 1984

THE COMIC WITH

BANANAMAN

YOUR TV STAR

When ordinary schoolboy little Eric eats a banana he instantly becomes the EXTRA-ordinary BANANAMAN

Now how can I get rid of my sworn enemy, Bananaman, twice and for all?

GENERAL BLIGHT

EUREKA! I've had a BRAINWAVE!

Yes, it's my speciality style. You suit it, sir.

SOON—

Right, Maurice—I want you to check the cellar and see how much TNT we have.

DUH! Yes, boss.

Er, we were just planning our next train robbery, General.

COO! It's awful dark in here.

NO! NO! Don't strike a MATCH!

BOOM!

Um, we seem to be out of TNT now.

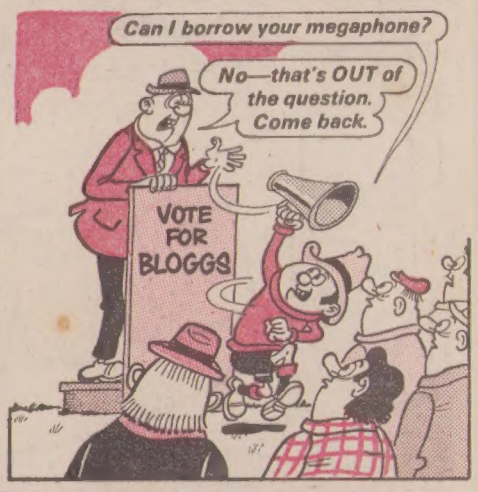
Yes, and YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND. GRR!

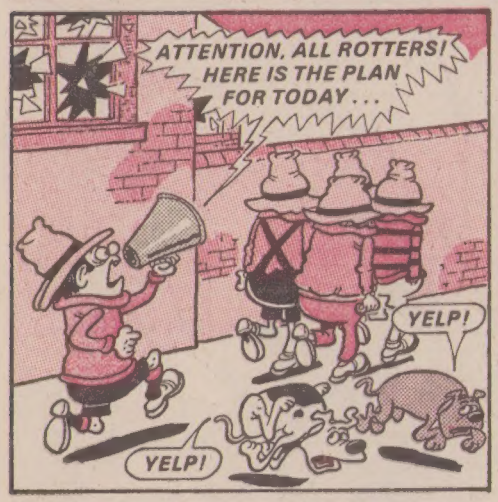
AND he's wrecked our train set.

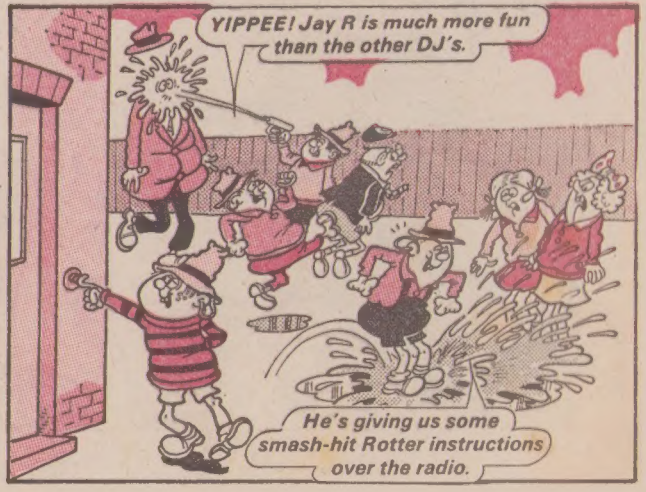
MORE EXPLOSIVE ACTION ON THE CENTRE PAGES

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!







PETER Pest

What's wrong, Sis?
SOB!

All my pals have got dates—except me! Sob! Sob!
Poor Sis—I'll help her out.

SOON—
GREENGROC
Doris. . . whisper . . . needing a. . . whisper.
WHISPER!
10
Will do, Peter.
SOB!

C'mon, Sis. I've got a date for you.

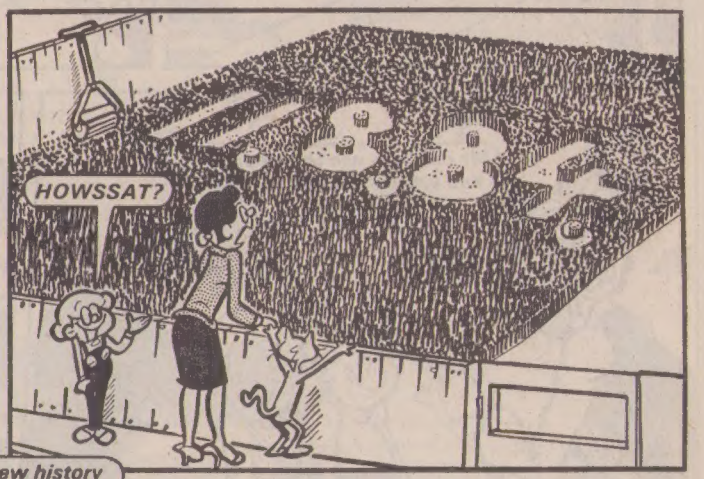
GREENGROCERS
He's nice.
Close your eyes, Doris.
10

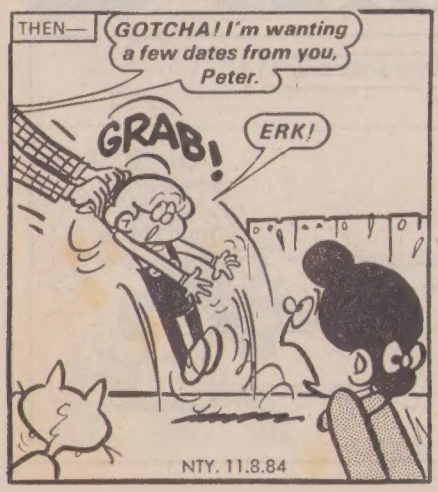
Good, aren't they?
Glop!
POP!
DATES

UGH! I hate these sort of DATES!
GLURK!
SPLOT
STICK!

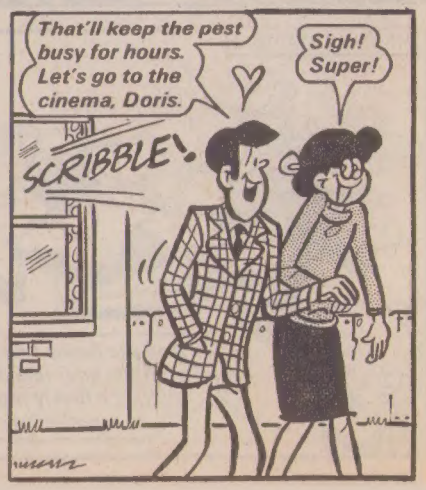
SQUEAK! SQUEAK! You're not a nice person, Peter.
SOB!

Sorry, Sis, but dry your eyes—I've a date for you back home.
SNIFF!

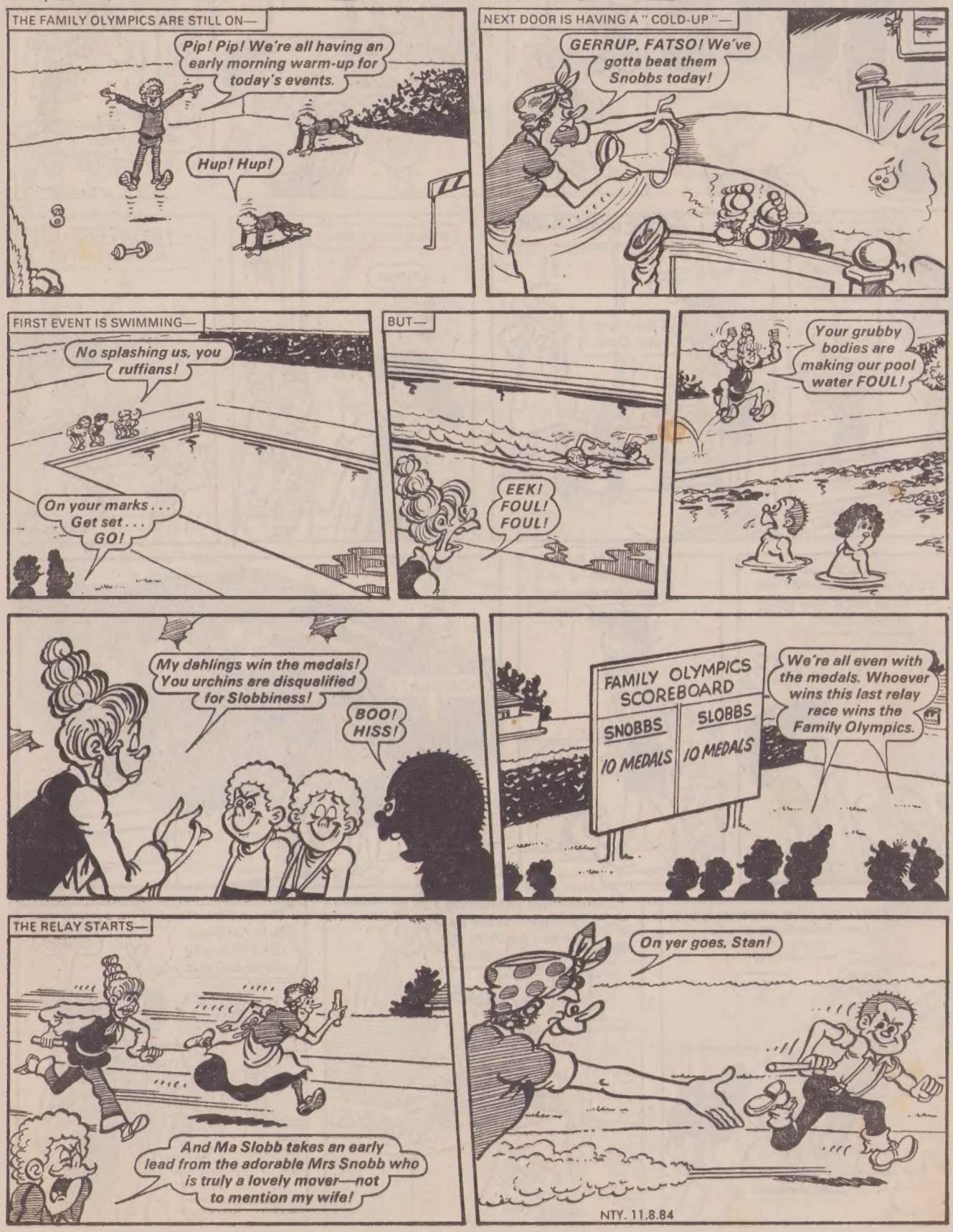

HOWSSAT?


THEN—
GOTCHA! I'm wanting a few dates from you, Peter.
GRAB!
ERK!
NTY. 11.8.84

That's our new history teacher—for homework I've to write out every date of every battle in the First World War!
SCRIBBLE!
Titter!
SCRIBBLE!
HOME WORK


That'll keep the pest busy for hours. Let's go to the cinema, Doris.
Sigh! Super!
SCRIBBLE!

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS


THE FAMILY OLYMPICS ARE STILL ON—
Pip! Pip! We're all having an early morning warm-up for today's events.
Hup! Hup!
NEXT DOOR IS HAVING A "COLD-UP"—
GERRUP, FATSO! We've gotta beat them Snobbs today!
FIRST EVENT IS SWIMMING—
No splashing us, you ruffians!
On your marks . . . Get set . . . GO!
BUT—
EEK! FOUL! FOUL!
Your grubby bodies are making our pool water FOUL!
My dahlings win the medals! You urchins are disqualified for Slobbiness!
BOO! HISS!
FAMILY OLYMPICS SCOREBOARD
SNOBBS
10 MEDALS
SLOBBS
10 MEDALS
We're all even with the medals. Whoever wins this last relay race wins the Family Olympics.
THE RELAY STARTS—
And Ma Slobb takes an early lead from the adorable Mrs Snobb who is truly a lovely mover—not to mention my wife!
On yer goes, Stan!
NTY. 11.8.84

BUT—
OI! OI! OI! Not so fast, Sunny-Boy-Me-Lad!
Where's your manners? You gotta say thanks when I hands yer something.
MA! I'M RACING REMEMBER!
THEN—
Left turn ahead! Look in mirror and signal! Titter!
URF!
Phew! They're gonna win unless I do something a bit special.
Gimme that, Scratcher!
Here's the baton—you'd best get going fast, Pa!
TOO LATE—
OOYAR!
SO! THINK YOU CAN STEAL MY DINNER, TATTYBONCE!
OUCH! OUCH! OUCH! Me buttock bone! HOWL!
HE'S WON! WE'VE WON THE FAMILY OLYMPICS! WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS!
WAHEY!
NTY. 11.8.84
Well done, Scratcher! Here's a dish of pop for yer!
Heh! Heh! You can do the LAP! LAP! LAP! of honour!

NIP and RRIP

RRIP! RRIP! HERE PRETTY PUSS! PUSS! PUSS! PUSS! BREAKFAST IS READY!

Eh? Yawn! Slup! Slup! Time t'get up!

Chomp! Chew!

Hmm! Lovely smell of kippers—wonder what I've got . . ?

. . . The usual! Flippin' FRISKUS! Every bloomin' day same old, cold FRISKUS!

RRIP

Another thing! How come I've gotta eat off the floor?

RRIP

I'm a fully paid up member of this family, so I should get the same as you lot!

Hey! Get down off the table, Moggy!

This cat is going doo-lally! What's up, RRIP?

You get different things to eat! I get FRISKUS FRISKUS FRISKUS and I'm SICK SICK SICK of it!

Maybe he's off his food. Let's see if this kipper can . .

. . . tempt him? WOW!

That's more like it!

SNATCH!

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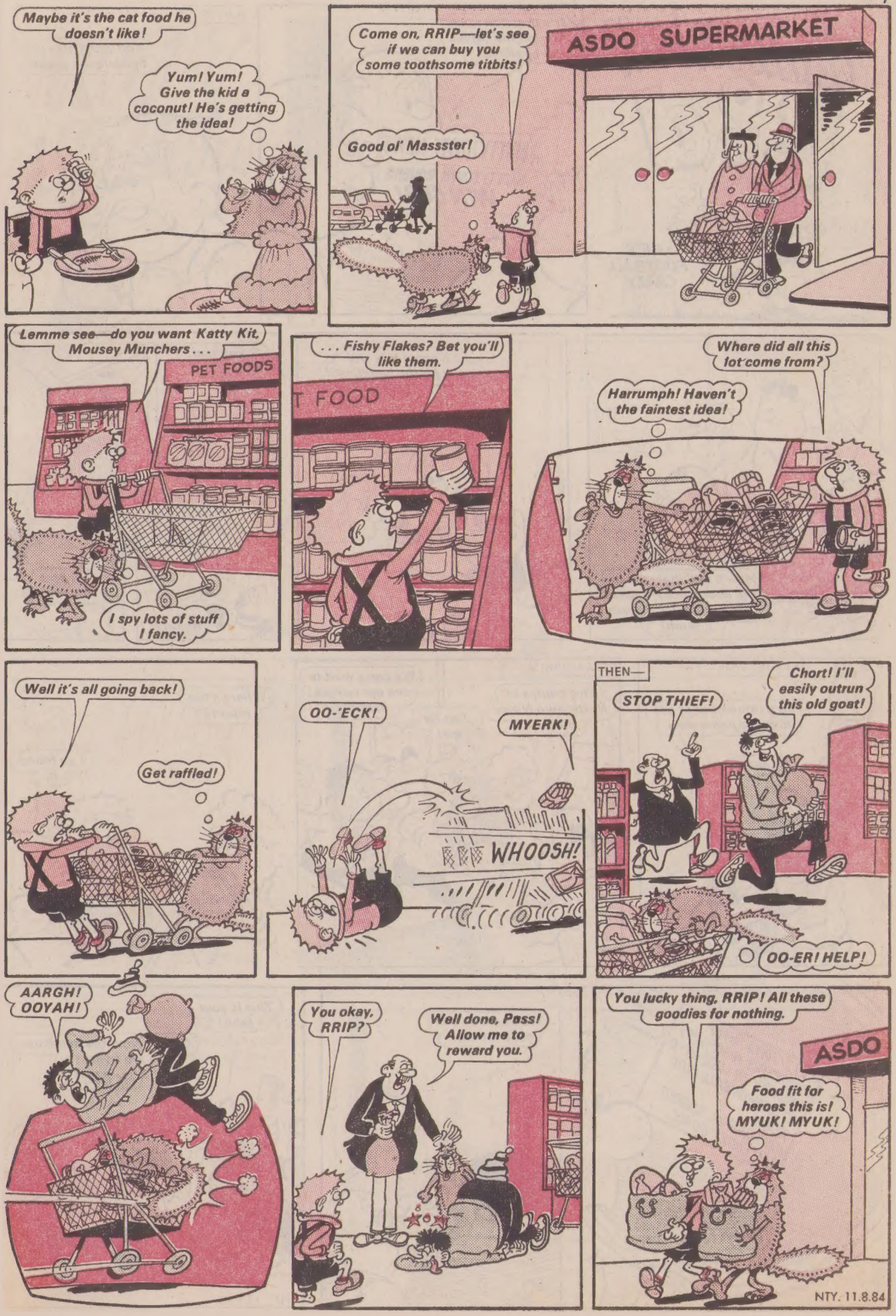
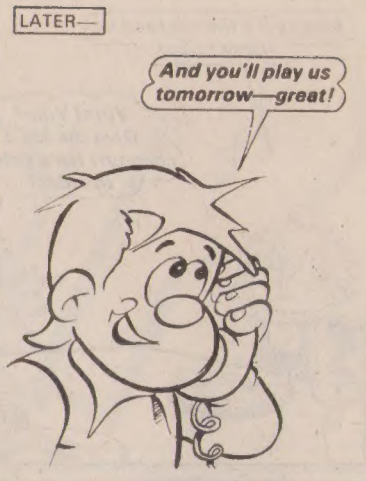
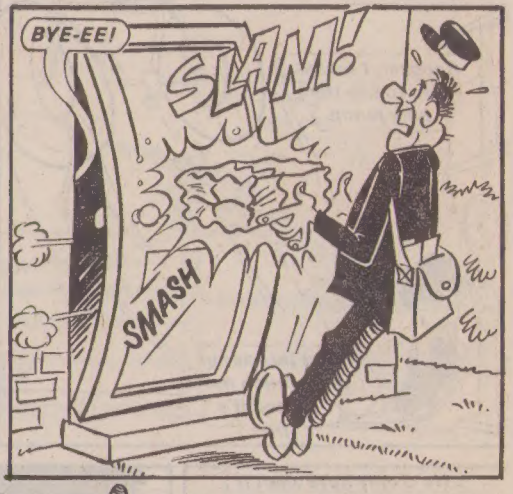

Maybe it's the cat food he doesn't like!
Yum! Yum! Give the kid a coconut! He's getting the idea!
Come on, RRIP—let's see if we can buy you some toothsome titbits!
ASDO SUPERMARKET
Good ol' Massster!
Lemme see—do you want Katty Kit, Mousey Munchers . . .
PET FOODS
I spy lots of stuff I fancy.
. . . Fishy Flakes? Bet you'll like them.
T FOOD
Where did all this lot come from?
Harrumph! Haven't the faintest idea!
Well it's all going back!
Get raffled!
OO-'ECK!
MYERK!
WHOOSH!
THEN—
STOP THIEF!
Chort! I'll easily outrun this old goat!
OO-ER! HELP!
AARGH! OOYAH!
You okay, RRIP?
Well done, Pass! Allow me to reward you.
You lucky thing, RRIP! All these goodies for nothing.
ASDO
Food fit for heroes this is! MYUK! MYUK!
NTY. 11.8.84

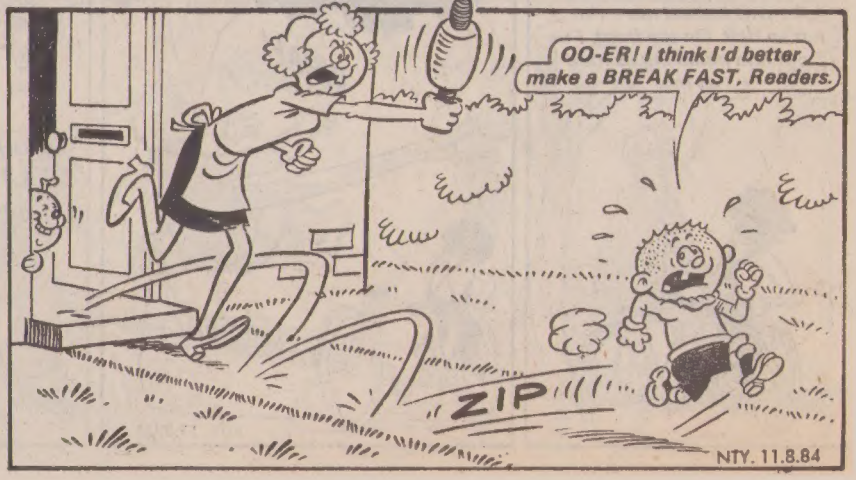
Cannonball Kid



NUTTYTOWN NEWS REPORTERS WERE VERY UNLUCKY TO LOSE 15-0 TO CANNONBALL KIDS TEAM. CANNONBALL SCORED TEN LUCKY GOALS.
HOWL! Just because we won!

TWEET WILLIAM

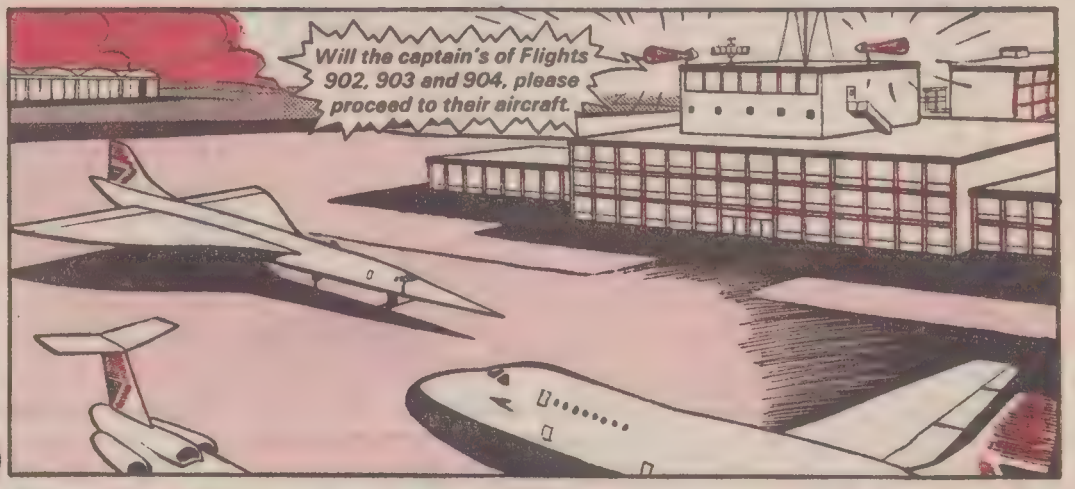


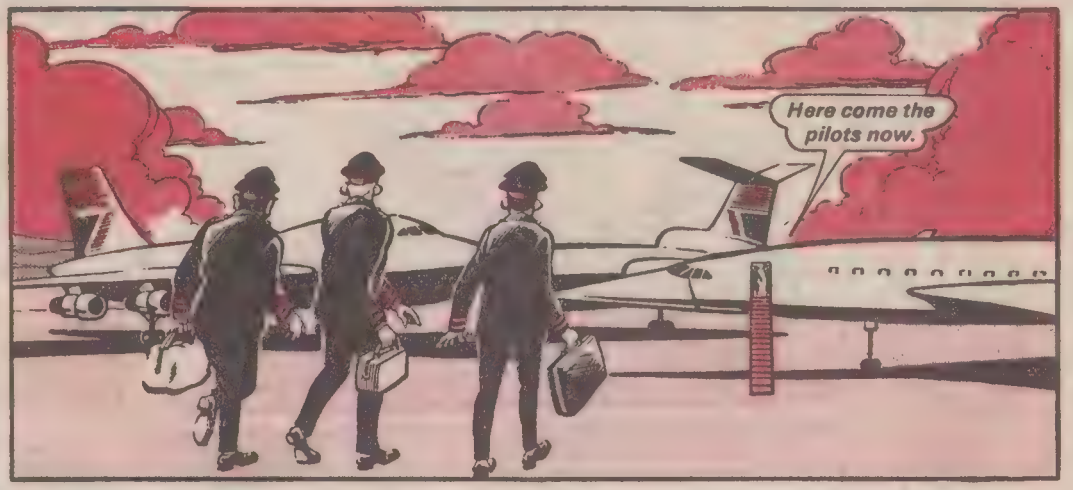


ZZZ
SNOOZER
SIGH! It would be super to go cycling today, Snoozer.
TITTER! I'd love to, Dad...
... But I know full well that we don't have bikes and Dad doesn't have enough money with him to buy any.
BUT—
A-BONESHAKER CYCLE SALES AND HIRE
I know! We'll hire bikes for the day. You can choose, Snoozer.
GROAN! I'd choose to go home.
Er, this one, I think, Dad. We can't lose each other with one of them.
Okay, Snoozer—good thinking. A tandem it is.
You take the bike out and blow the tyres up while I pay the gentleman.
Leave it to me, Dad. YAWN!
MINUTES LATER—
Snoozer, I meant you to use the bike pump.
But this pump gives much more air and it's free.
Okay, Dad—I'm ready to go. ZZZ!
Well I'm not.
You're going on the front where I can keep an eye on you.
PLONK!
Aw, Dad!
He'd only have slept if he was behind me—I'm not so daft. On the front, I've got him pedalling as hard as me.
WHAP!
AARGH!
NTY. 11.8.84
OH, NO! I should've guessed Snoozer would be able to cycle in his sleep.
ZZZ!

NUTTY TALES

All aboard!


Will the captain's of Flights 902, 903 and 904, please proceed to their aircraft.


Here come the pilots now.

Which one of you is ours?
ME of course!
NTY. 11.8.84

BANANA

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

I've had reports of an explosion in the area, Eric. I'd like you to check it.

It could've been my tummy rumbling, Chief, 'cos I haven't had a 'nana today. But I'm on my way.

TOOM!

Check it, he said—could be difficult. How do you paint checks on an explosion?

W-WOW! A big hand for me. Shucks! I always did like applause.

ERK! I think it wants to be friends.

Now it's saying goodbye to me—fancy that!

I don't like it, Mr B—let's get out of here.

BOOM!

Well spotted, Crow—it was a HAND grenade!

Look, Mr B—a new Indian restaurant in town.

the DELHI BELLY

Let's go in—being almost blown-up always makes me peckish.

For you, O Great Wally of the western world, my speciality yak and chutney vindaloo curry.

That'll do me, my good waiter.

CHUNTERING CHAPATIS! It's a HEAT-SEEKING MISSILE!

And it tastes awful!

CRUNCH!

Take this back and cook it properly. I could lose a filling chewing this.

UGH! Yes, sir.

AAIEE!

BANG!

TSK! Sounds as if it's OVERCOOKED now. I think we'll take our custom elsewhere.

You know, Crow, I've got the teensiest suspicion somebody's out to get me.

Quick, isn't he?

Look, look—an OTTER!

WHIRR!

Surely nothing could be 'otter than that curry.

Don't pick it up—don't you hear its ticks?

TICK! TICK!

TICKS? My dog had ticks, but they didn't make any noise.

NTY. 11.8.84

WOBBLE ME WINGNUTS! It's a BOMB! We otter get out of here.

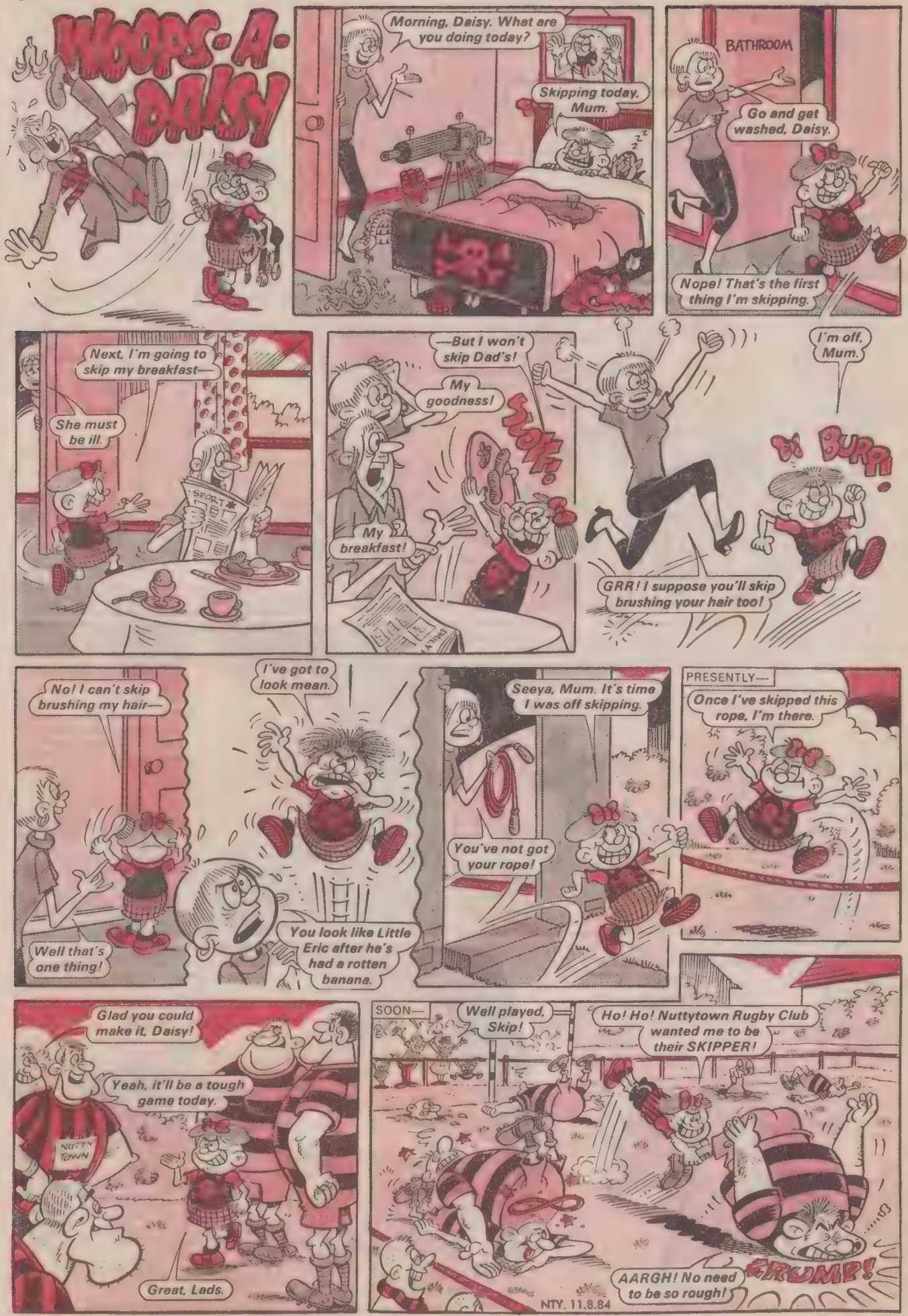
TICK! TICK!

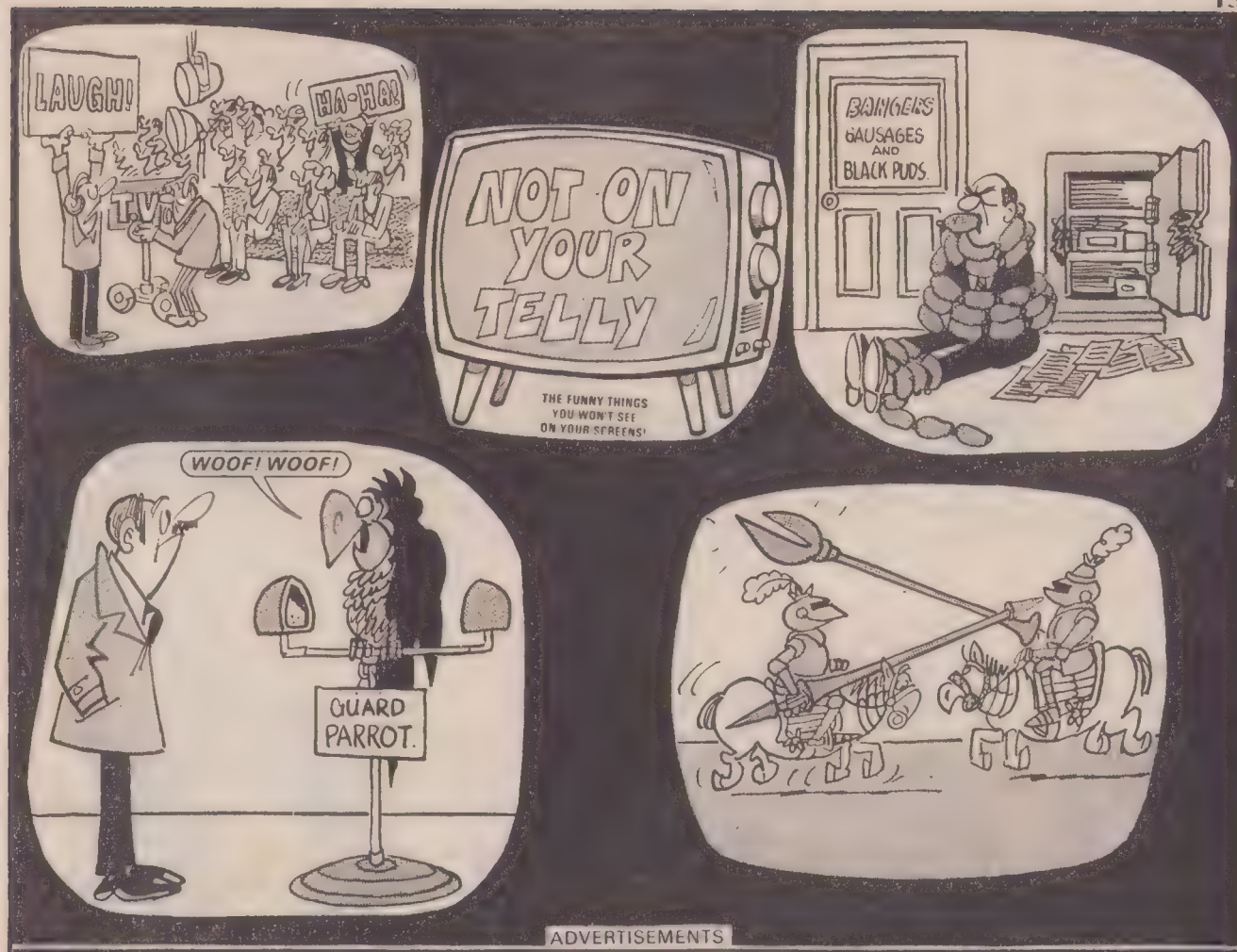
NTY. 11.8.84

Puff! This is Blight's doing, I'll bet—he's made me an OTTER I CAN'T DEFUSE!

Enjoy the gag, Readers—it could be his last.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK


WOOPS-A-DAISY
Morning, Daisy. What are you doing today?
Skipping today. Mum.
BATHROOM
Go and get washed, Daisy.
Nope! That's the first thing I'm skipping.
Next, I'm going to skip my breakfast—
She must be ill.
SPORT
—But I won't skip Dad's!
My goodness!
SLOFF!
My breakfast!
I'm off, Mum.
BURP!
GRR! I suppose you'll skip brushing your hair too!
No! I can't skip brushing my hair—
I've got to look mean.
Well that's one thing!
You look like Little Eric after he's had a rotten banana.
Seeya, Mum. It's time I was off skipping.
You've not got your rope!
PRESENTLY—
Once I've skipped this rope, I'm there.
Glad you could make it, Daisy!
Yeah, it'll be a tough game today.
NUTTY TOWN
Great, Lads.
SOON—
Well played, Skip!
Ho! Ho! Nuttytown Rugby Club wanted me to be their SKIPPER!
AARGH! No need to be so rough!
ERUMP!
NTY. 11.8.84



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SMASHING EXTRA-LONG COMIC ADVENTURES FEATURING YOUR FAVOURITE FUN PALS!

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FOXY in FOWL PLAY
THE CRAFTY COCKEREL
WHUMP!

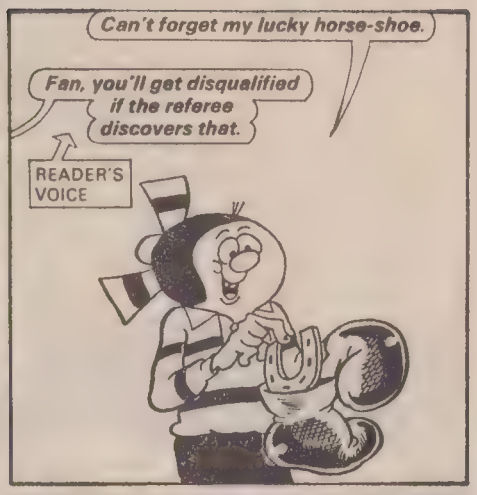
DON'T MISS 'EM! THEY'RE SUPURRRR!

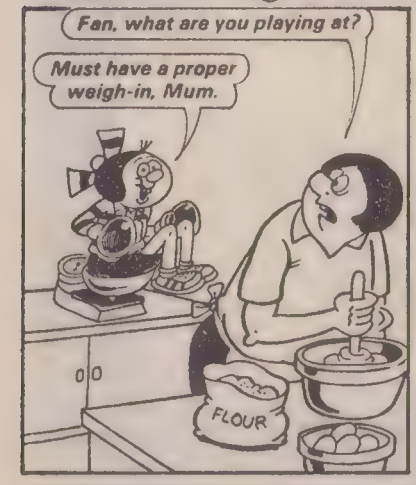
NTY. 11.8.84

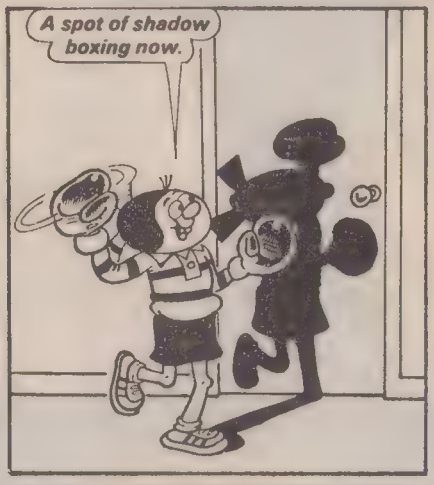
NOW ON SALE—Price 20P EACH

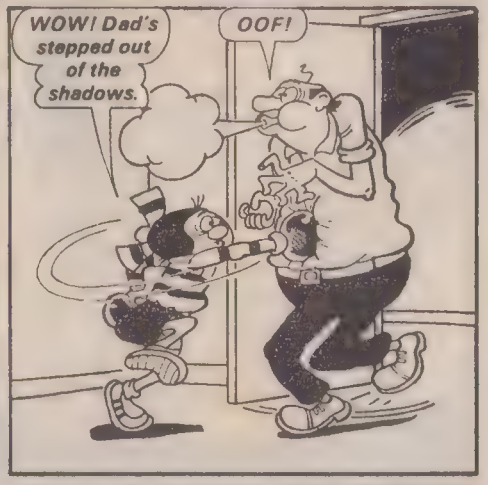
SPORTS FAN

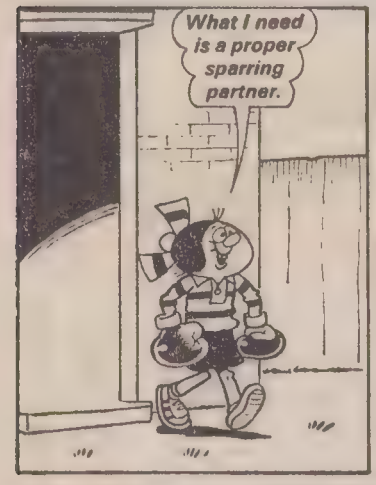
'SME!

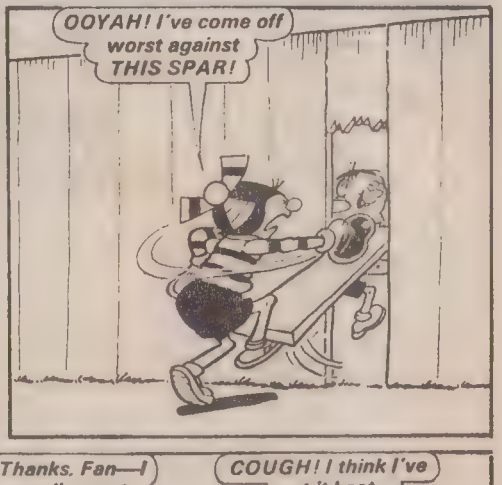


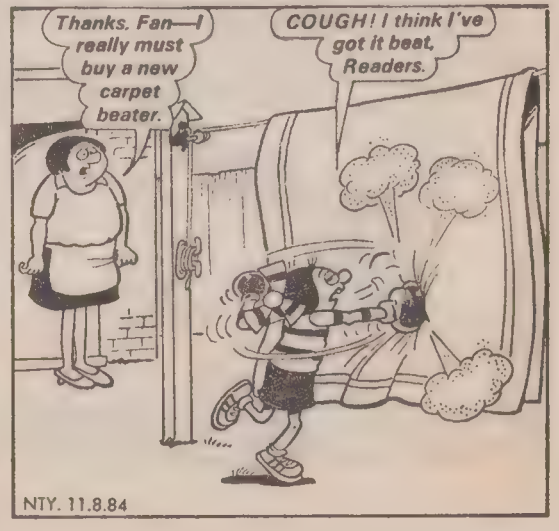


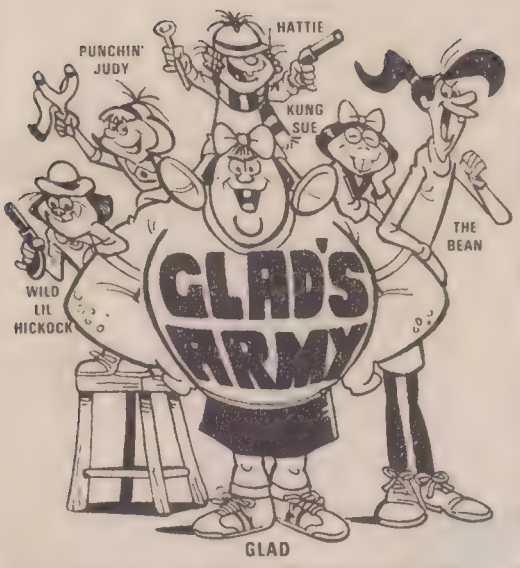








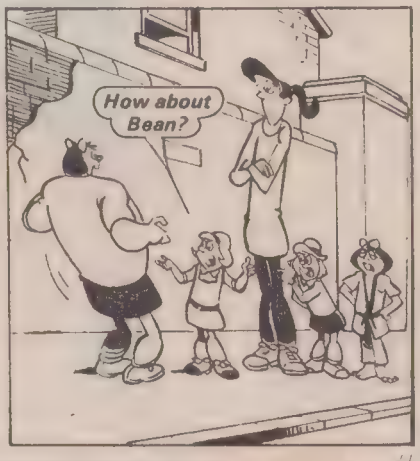


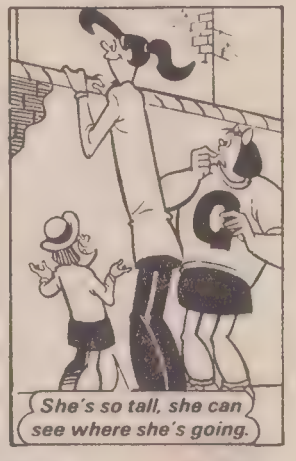

PUNCHIN' JUDY
HATTIE
KUNG SUE
THE BEAN
WILD LIL HICKOCK
GLAD'S ARMY
GLAD

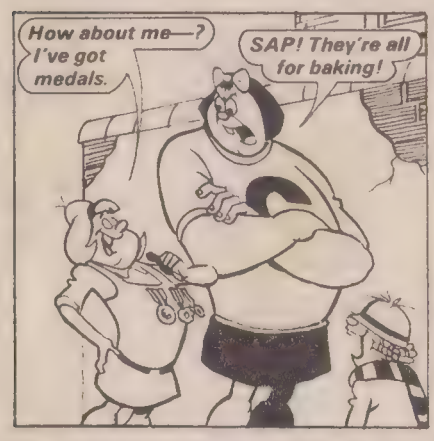
I'm late for a meeting with the army!

CRASH!
WHA—?

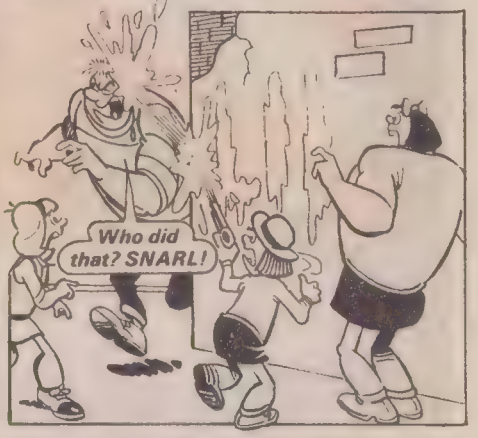
You clumsy oaf—it's time we had a new leader!

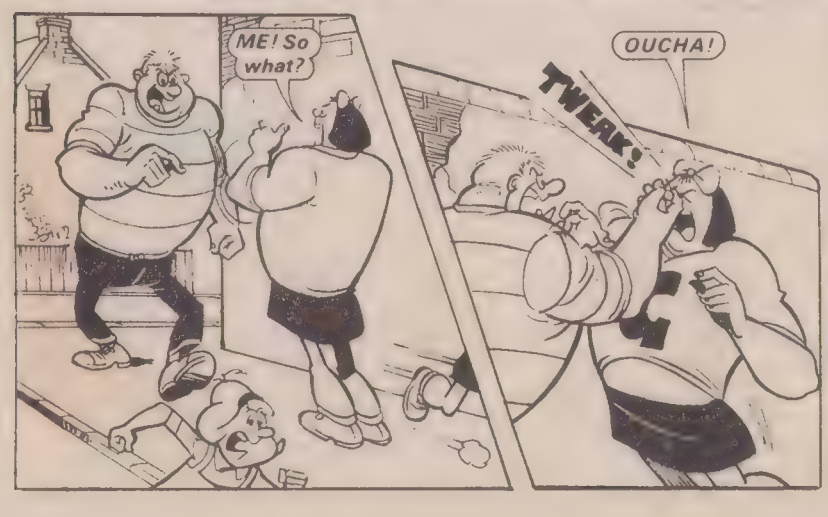

How about Bean?

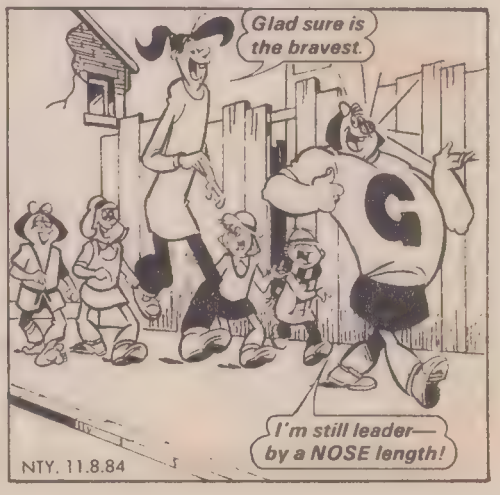

She's so tall, she can see where she's going.


How about me—? I've got medals.
SAP! They're all for baking!

What about Lil? She's good with her pistol.

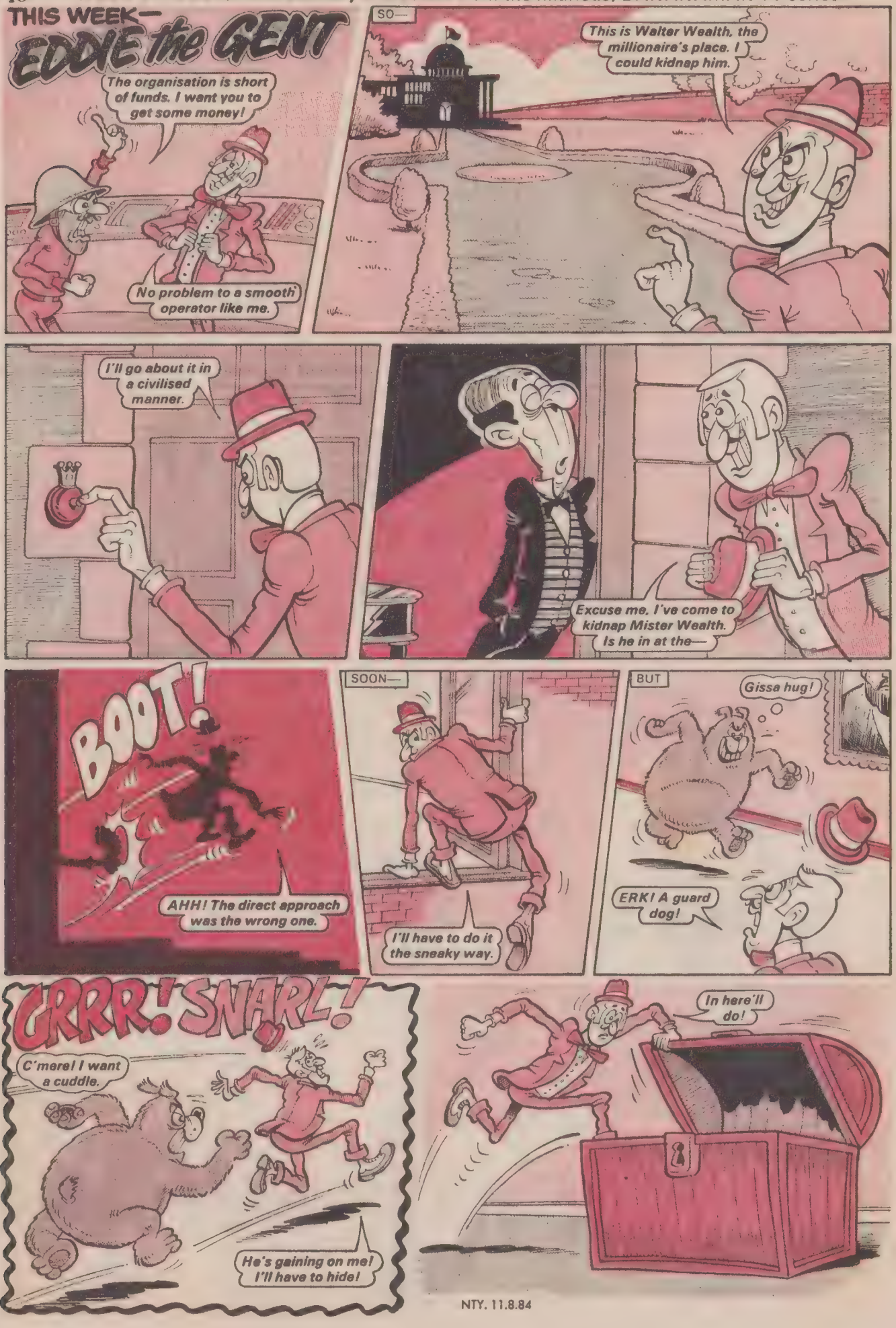

Who did that? SNARL!


ME! So what?
OUCHA!
TWEAK!


Glad sure is the bravest.
I'm still leader— by a NOSE length!
NTY. 11.8.84

THIS WEEK—

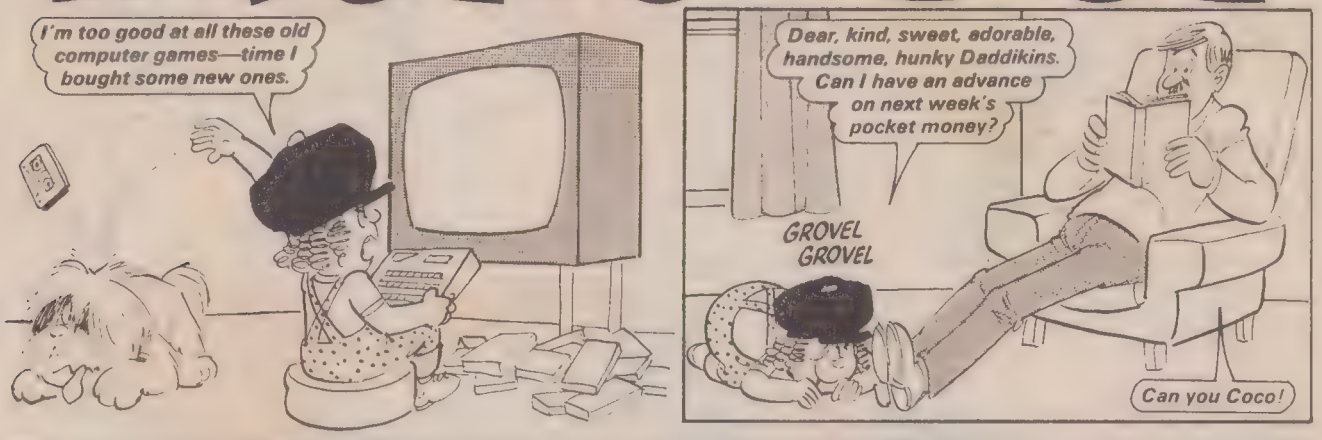
EDDIE the GENT

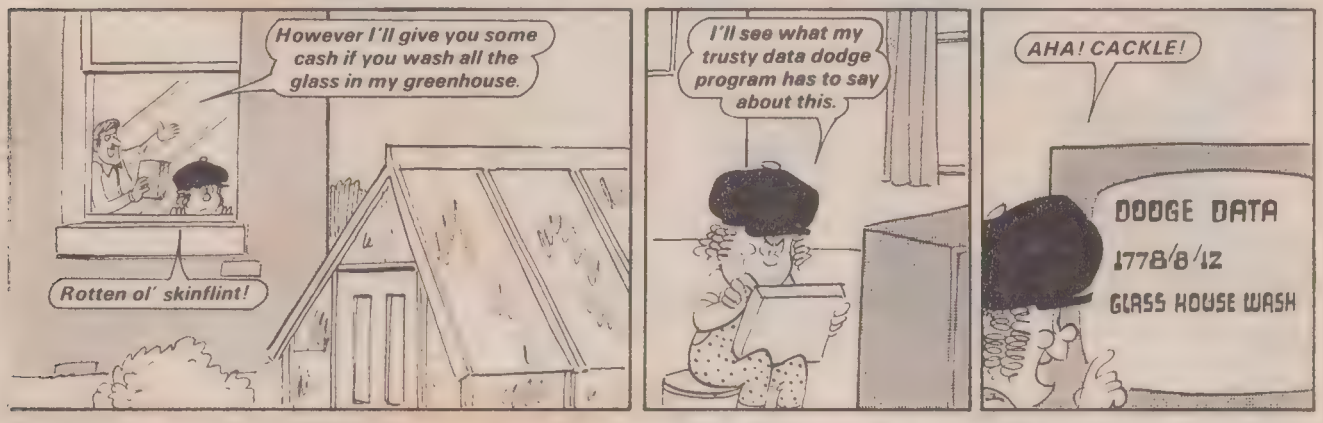

The organisation is short of funds. I want you to get some money!
No problem to a smooth operator like me.
SO—
This is Walter Wealth, the millionaire's place. I could kidnap him.
I'll go about it in a civilised manner.
Excuse me, I've come to kidnap Mister Wealth. Is he in at the—
BOOT!
AHH! The direct approach was the wrong one.
SOON—
I'll have to do it the sneaky way.
BUT
Gissa hug!
ERK! A guard dog!
GRRR! SNARL!
C'mere! I want a cuddle.
He's gaining on me! I'll have to hide!
In here'll do!

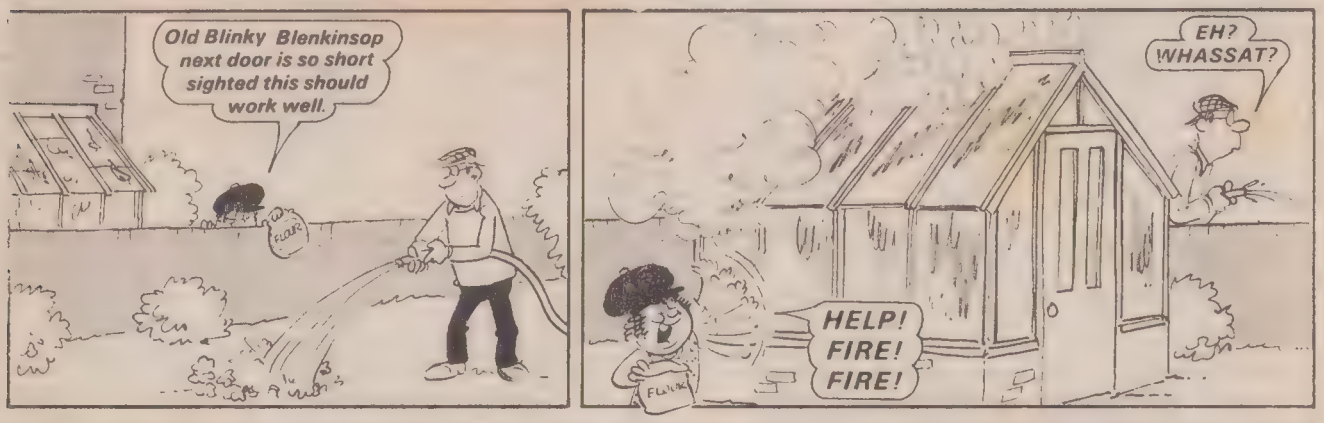
NTY. 11.8.84

Hey, do you mind? This chest ain't big enough for both of us!
I know you! You're Walter Wealth. I've come to kidnap you.
EH?
YIPEE! I'm going to be kidnapped. HOORAH!
SSH! Don't tell everybody. It's meant to be a surprise.
THEN—
GOT YOU!
No chance, his name's Rover!
Call him off!
C'mon. This is the way out.
Can't understand this. He's helping me to kidnap him.
We're almost there. If we can just get over the wall, I'll be—
WALTER!...
It's her! The wife!
How dare you sneak out without asking. And you know you're not allowed to have friends in.
BIG DADDY
Yes, Beloved. Sorry!
No wonder he wanted away. I'm glad I didn't get him—she might have come looking for him.
NTY. 11.8.84

MICRO DOT


I'm too good at all these old computer games—time I bought some new ones.
Dear, kind, sweet, adorable, handsome, hunky Daddikins. Can I have an advance on next week's pocket money?
GROVEL GROVEL
Can you Coco!


However I'll give you some cash if you wash all the glass in my greenhouse.
Rotten ol' skinflint!
I'll see what my trusty data dodge program has to say about this.
AHA! CACKLE!
DODGE DATA
1778/8/12
GLASS HOUSE WASH


Old Blinky Blenkinsop next door is so short sighted this should work well.
EH? WHASSAT?
HELP! FIRE! FIRE!

I see smoke! That little shed with the big windows is on fire!
Don't panic! I'll put it out! Don't panic.
Good dodge, eh?
NTY. 11.8.84

Old Blinky is really giving the greenhouse a good wash.
BUT—
Oh, dear! There's someone trapped inside!
LAST YEARS SCARECROW
HOLD ON! I'LL GET YOU OUT!
KRANG!
STOP! WHOA! Groan! The blind old twit!
SMASH! TINKLE!
HOI! WHAT'S GOING ON?
D-DAD! Time I wasn't here!
I need some emergency dodge data to get me out of this!
What's this machine up to? This is no time to start playing games—I'M IN BIG TROUBLE!
THAT YOU ARE, GIRL!
Coo! Have you got one of those driving games? I used to race a Ford Anglia as a lad!
EH?
Yeah! I'm still a terrific driver! Look, Dot—WAHEY!
DUNLOP
Good old computer—it always knows best! 'Byeeee!
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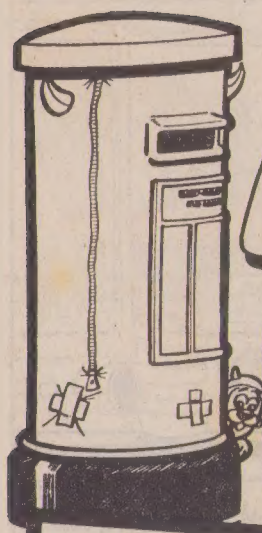
WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

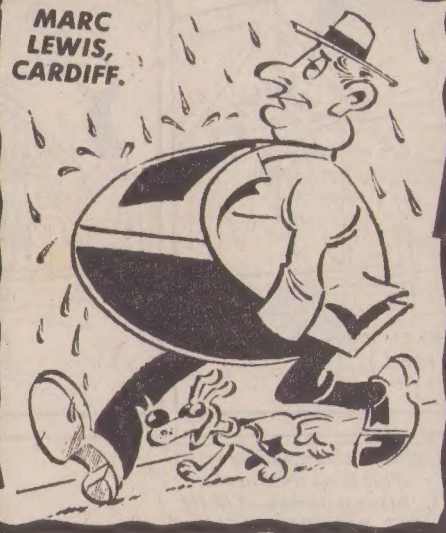
BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE.

What's yellow and comes in lots of little bits?
A do-it-yourself banana.

ANDREW AGASTINA, HORNCHURCH.

MARC LEWIS, CARDIFF.



NAME AND NUMBER

What do you call a man with a number plate on his head?
REG!

JULIE RILEY, LIVERPOOL.

MUST BE THE CLIMB-ATE!

"Doctor! Doctor! I feel like a flight of stairs."
"We'll have to take this case step by step!"

PAUL HAISOM, WESTONMILL.

SHEIKH-UP!

Who lives in the desert and invented flavoured crisps?
SULTAN Vinegar!

MARY WILKIE, KILMARNOCK.

PLEASED TO MEAT YOU!

What did the two pieces of beef call themselves when they got married in New York?
The United STEAKS of America.

BEN WEDEMAN, SOUTHAMPTON.

A LOT LESS BOVVER!

What do you call a cow eating grass from your front garden?
A LawnMOOER!

JULIAN ROBBINS, STAFFORD.

QUACK! QUACK!
What has feathers and wings and bites people's necks?
Count DUCKULA!

ANDREW WILSON, TAMWORTH.

SAUL HAINES, BRISTOL.

YOU CAN'T BEAT SCHOOL DINNERS

UNFAIR!

Deep in Africa where the coconuts grow,
A beetle stepped on an elephant's toe.
The elephant said with tearful eyes,
"Pick on a fellow of your own size."

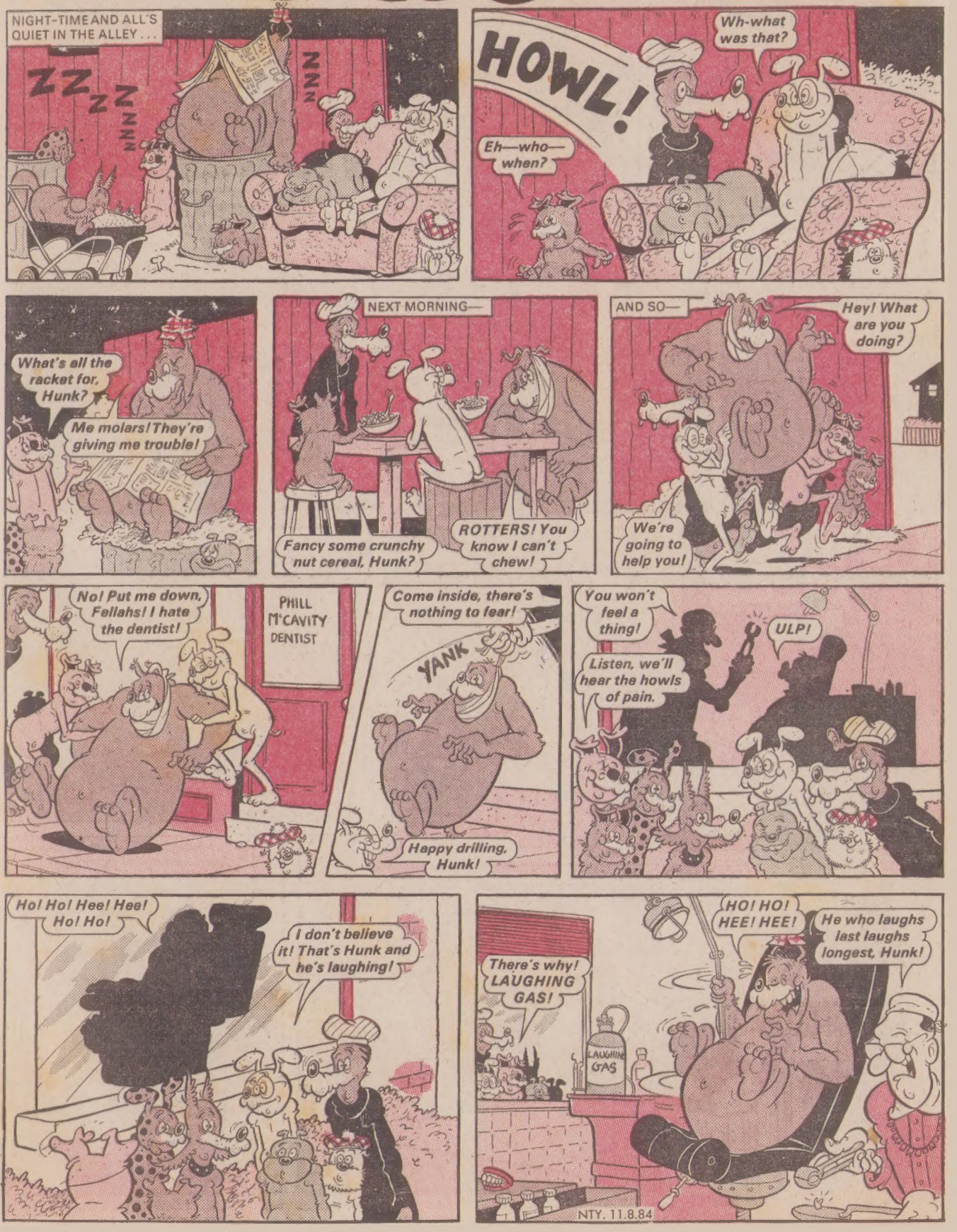
JOHN PAUL O'DONNELL, ELTHAM.

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

NTY. 11.8.84

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

THE WILD ROVERS


NIGHT-TIME AND ALL'S QUIET IN THE ALLEY . . .
ZZ Z ZZZ ZZZ
HOWL!
Wh-what was that?
Eh—who—when?
What's all the racket for, Hunk?
Me molars! They're giving me trouble!
NEXT MORNING—
Fancy some crunchy nut cereal, Hunk?
ROTTERS! You know I can't chew!
AND SO—
Hey! What are you doing?
We're going to help you!
No! Put me down, Fellahs! I hate the dentist!
PHILL M'CAVITY DENTIST
Come inside, there's nothing to fear!
YANK
Happy drilling, Hunk!
You won't feel a thing!
Listen, we'll hear the howls of pain.
ULP!
Ho! Ho! Hee! Hee! Ho! Ho!
I don't believe it! That's Hunk and he's laughing!
There's why! LAUGHING GAS!
LAUGHING GAS
HO! HO! HEE! HEE!
He who laughs last laughs longest, Hunk!
NTY. 11.8.84

CUDDLES

'AT'S ME!

Now for a lovely day fishing—just me, the birds, the flowers and . . .

. . . the BRAT! Groan!

'Lo, People!

Watch me and learn, Son.

What does you do if you get a bite?

Why you must STRIKE of course.

Good!

HOWL!

'Em flies are BITIN' your head so me's STRIKED them!

Silly child—these are my fishing flies. Now, clear off!

Me'll catch tadpoles!

OI! Where have you put the grubs I had for bait? They were in that bucket!

Into your GRUB box, of course!

EEK! My butties!

NOSH!

BURP

Still I'll have a nice drink of juice!

GLURP!

'AT'S MY TADPOLES YOU'S DRINKIN'!

BACK HOME—

Hello, Love—bag any tiddlers today—

Nope!

But I bagged a TODDLER to keep him out of trouble!

Huh! Nasty old bloke!

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